

PROMOTION MEANT HIS DEATH

PAID TELLER COULD NOT HIDE RECEIVING TELLER'S THEFTS.

In intervals of handing out money from his cage he writes a confession and a farewell, then shoots himself—His salary \$1,400, thefts \$2,000 a year.

Promoted from receiving teller to paying teller in the Forty-second street branch of the Corn Exchange Bank, which he had served for twenty years, Charles T. Muir was unable yesterday to conceal any longer the thefts he had been committing since his first child was born and he went down to the bank collar and shot himself.

He was 37 years old. A letter which he left fixed the amount of the defalcations at \$6,087.72. The letter was addressed to George H. Frew, the manager of the branch.

DEAR MR. FREW: My accounts are short the total amount of the tickets in this envelope. This has been going on for about five years, covering the shortage by substituting new deposits for old. I wish to say that no one, either in or out of the bank is to blame but myself.

The officers of the bank say that Muir's habits were exemplary. He lived with his wife and two small daughters in an apartment in West 144th street, and his friends say that his home life was happy.

Muir was promoted to the paying teller's desk two or three days ago without increase of salary, but with a prospect of it if he made good, and everybody in the bank thought he was greatly pleased at the change.

He arrived at the bank yesterday morning considerably before the opening hour, as was his habit, and was apparently in good spirits. About 10:30 o'clock the new receiving teller in balancing a depositor's pass book found a credit entry that didn't appear in the bank's ledger. He sought for the deposit slip and couldn't find it.

The matter was referred to Manager Frew, and as the entry had been made in the pass book by Muir before his promotion the manager referred it to Muir without the least suspicion that there was anything out of the way, in fact, he told Muir that the deposit ticket had probably been mislaid. Muir at once became very much interested and said he would look for the ticket.

He went back into his cage and apparently began at once to write the letter to Manager Frew and another to his wife. The letter to the manager was written on ordinary bill paper and was in a steady hand, although breaks in it made it look as if it had been interrupted once or twice. These breaks probably occurred when he left off to attend to customers at his window. The deposit slips enclosed saved the bank a good deal of trouble.

About half an hour after the loss of the deposit slip had been reported Muir told the manager that he was going down into the basement for a few minutes. The manager inferred that he was going down to see if the deposit slip had inadvertently been thrown into the waste paper pile. Before Muir left the office he was seen feeling around in a drawer where the office revolver was kept.

Muir entered the basement through a little trap in the court at the front of the building, climbing down a vertical iron ladder. He walked through to the rear, where he ran on to Townsend Bragan, the janitor. The janitor thought he might be able to help if the teller was looking for anything and said:

"Mr. Muir, is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes," said the teller, after he had thought for a few seconds. "I came away hastily and forgot some memoranda on the manager's desk. I wish you would go up and get them for me."

The janitor noticed nothing unusual about the teller's manner; in fact, Muir said as the janitor was leaving, "What a fine day it is!" The janitor was delayed a few minutes in getting into the manager's office. He found the papers and hurried back. He stumbled over Muir lying near the furnace. The revolver was in Muir's hand and there was a bullet hole in his right temple.

The janitor hurried back upstairs. Dr. McAdam, one of the bank's depositors, was before the receiving teller's window and Manager Frew drew him out of the line. Dr. McAdam found Muir unconscious.

Manager Frew called up the West Forty-second street police station and Roosevelt Hospital. Several depositors who were in the bank were told that a boy had been injured in the basement. Business went right along at Muir's window with scarcely a minute's interruption, with a substitute paying teller.

When the ambulance arrived there was a good deal of difficulty in getting the unconscious man up through the trap to the street. At Roosevelt Hospital when the hospital's own ambulance arrived they refused to take the case because they didn't have any prison ward. So the dying man was started across town for Bellevue. He died there a short time after his arrival.

Coroner Acrielli said last night that he proposed to find out why an emergency case had been sent from one hospital to another in that way.

about the only real luxury they enjoyed, although the father was wrapped up in the children and wanted always to see them well dressed.

Manager Frew refused even after it was known that Muir had shot himself to believe that his accounts were wrong. A complete audit of the books had been made on May 9 and everything checked. Muir began his twenty years service with the bank as an office boy when he was 17. So confident was Manager Frew in his integrity that he didn't even set men to work on the books until after the letter left by the teller was found.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before Coroner Acrielli notified Manager Frew of the letter. The deposit tickets enclosed in the envelope were the ones which Muir had abstracted in stealing the money.

When a depositor whom he knew well handed him \$100, he entered the credit on the pass book, pocketed the money and failed to pass the deposit slip in to the bookkeepers. The entries in the bank's ledger are made from these deposit slips. Muir would know just about the time the depositor would have his pass book balanced, and at that time he would be ready with money got in a similar way from other accounts to make the entry in the bank's ledger. In this way he carried the deception along for nearly five years.

The deposit slips included in the envelope addressed to the manager ranged in amount from \$117 to \$6,128.

The Corn Exchange is the largest of all State banks. Its total resources on March 25, 1908, amounted to \$68,403,894. It has a capital of \$3,000,000 and surplus and undivided profits of \$5,068,914. The loss is covered by the teller's \$10,000 bond.

LION GETS OUT OF CAGE.

Leaps About, but Seen in Receptacle, Without Hurting Poets at Circus.

GREENWICH, Conn., June 3.—A large seven-year-old lion named Nero got out of the cage where he was being exhibited in a circus here this afternoon.

The circus was exhibiting across the street from the high school on Havemeyer place and hundreds of school children were in the crowd. Among the New Yorkers at the circus were Mrs. Frank Hastings, Mrs. Clifford Harmon, the daughters of E. C. Benedict, Mrs. George Nichols and Mrs. Howard Gould. An assistant keeper was too busy watching the trainer escape from the cage to close the door quickly.

The lion leaped to the ground. He was caught in the tent and soon was put back in the cage. No one was hurt.

IDAHO DEMOCRATS SPLIT.

Two Conventions, Both Electing Delegates to Denver, are Held in the Same City.

TWIN FALLS, Idaho, June 3.—The Democratic party in the State is hopelessly divided on the Mormon question. Two conventions were held in the same hall and amid fierce wrangles which but for the efforts of officers would have developed into fist-cuffs two full delegations were elected to the Denver convention.

The convention's officers sided with the Mormon faction, but the majority of the delegates, led by ex-Senator Dubois, made a hot fight for control. When they failed they drew aside, formed a regulation organization and elected delegates who they say will give half vote each at Denver even if they are not recognized as the regular delegation, with the full State vote.

The other faction elected a dozen delegates, one from each of the seven judicial districts of the State and five from the State at large, expecting them to get a half vote each if recognized.

WATER CARRIED HER VOICE.

Woman Under Overturned Boat Got Attention of Man Far Away.

SELIENSBURG, Pa., June 3.—Miss Maude Hamaker, Miss Nellie Lehman of Renovo and two men from Lykens were in a rowing party to-day on the Susquehanna. The boat struck a rock and capsized.

Miss Lehman came up under the overturned boat. She screamed frantically for help. The resounding echo of her voice in the small chamber was carried by the water and heard by Mark Johnson in his motor boat half a mile away.

He could not account for the voice heard so distinctly from the screams of Miss Hamaker. Not until she appealed to him to right the boat did he realize the rôle Miss Lehman played.

ROCKEFELLER GREET'S LOGUE

OIL MAN AND CARDINAL SIT FOR THEIR PICTURES.

Former Regrets "His John" Wasn't on Hand to Pose Him—Pleasant Meeting at the Home of James Butler—Golf Reopened to Cardinal as a Health Game.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., June 3.—John D. Rockefeller paid his respects to Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, at East View, the home of James Butler, this afternoon. The meeting was arranged by the Rev. P. F. Lennon, pastor at the Church of the Magdalene at Pocantico Hills and golfing companion of Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller was due at the Butler home at 2:30 but got there about 2. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Butler," was Mr. Rockefeller's greeting when Mr. Butler met him on the veranda. "What a beautiful place you have here! Do you own all this?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Butler. "It's a beautiful spot." "We must plough more, Mr. Butler," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I intend to do more ploughing on my estate and I think it very beneficial."

"By the way," Mr. Rockefeller asked, "I am not up in the etiquette of your church. How do you address the Cardinal?" "Your Eminence," replied Mr. Butler. "Thank you, I did not know just what to do and I want to be right."

It was then announced that Cardinal Logue was ready to receive Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Butler and Mr. Rockefeller walked into the large hall where the Cardinal was in waiting.

Mr. Rockefeller walked forward and grasping the Cardinal's hand and bowing said: "I am very pleased to meet you, your Eminence. It is indeed a great occasion for me." Cardinal Logue bowed, thanked Mr. Rockefeller for his good wishes and said he was equally glad to meet him.

Mr. Butler showed the way to the parlor. The Cardinal and Mr. Rockefeller walked together and when they reached the door his Eminence said: "You first, Mr. Rockefeller." "No, after you," replied Mr. Rockefeller, and the Cardinal proceeded.

They sat down and Bishop Brown of Ireland was called in and presented to Mr. Rockefeller. The visit lasted about ten minutes. Mr. Rockefeller and Cardinal Logue did most of the talking. Cardinal Logue said:

"Mr. Rockefeller, you have a beautiful country here. I never realized that America was so grand. I have been charmed by it. I think you deeply for such an expression of America, for I love my country and am very glad to hear you speak so highly of it," was Mr. Rockefeller's response.

Then each asked about the other's health. Cardinal Logue said that he was having a strenuous time, but that for a young man he was standing the dinners and suppers well.

Mr. Rockefeller said that he never felt better and attributed it all to golf. "You should play golf, your Eminence," he said, "it is the greatest health game in the world."

The Cardinal replied that he was afraid he could not play the game, but said that he understood that Father Lennon was quite an adept at it.

"I regret deeply that I cannot know you more intimately," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I would like to be close to you to understand your feelings and your responsibilities in so high a place in your church. I am very sorry that we cannot see more of each other."

Cardinal Logue assured Mr. Rockefeller that it would be a pleasure to know him better and said that he regretted that he had to return to Ireland so soon.

After a few more remarks about the Cardinal's visit the party came out on the veranda. Mr. Butler asked Mr. Rockefeller if he objected to having his picture taken.

"I've promised the newspapers to pose if agreeable to Cardinal Logue," said Mr. Rockefeller. It was agreeable to all, and three large chairs were brought out on the lawn.

TARIFF REVISION NEXT YEAR.

That is, if Taft is Elected—Next Fall if a Democrat Wins.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Representative Payne of New York, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, does not intend to encourage the tariff revisionists by calling his committee together during the recess of Congress. The resolution permitting the Ways and Means Committee to meet during the recess authorized the chairman to call meetings if he should see fit to do so.

Mr. Payne, who visited the White House to-day, will not exercise this discretionary power. All that will be done, he said, is that the executive departments, notably the Treasury Department, will be asked to collect certain data in regard to the tariff schedules and have the information ready in time for the next regular session of Congress.

The Administration programme now is that Secretary Taft in the event of his nomination and election shall convene a special session of the Sixty-first Congress immediately after his inauguration to take up the subject of tariff revision. In the event of a Democrat being elected next fall President Roosevelt will call Congress together for tariff revision next November.

DAVID B. HILL GOING TO EUROPE.

Not Occupied With the Approaching Campaign, McCarren Finds.

David B. Hill was in town yesterday for a few hours on private business. The only politician of any prominence with whom he talked was Senator McCarren. When Mr. McCarren was asked last night if he and Mr. Hill had talked politics he replied:

"Talk politics, I should say not. Mr. Hill is thinking of nothing but his trip to Europe. I did try to discuss some phases of the Democratic situation in the State with him, but every time I started on that tack he cut me off with some question concerning lightening tours in Europe, and as it was evident that he was not interested in the coming campaign I dropped the subject and gave him some pointers as to how he could make the most out of his trip to Europe."

Mr. Hill will sail for Europe next Thursday. It will be his first trip across the Atlantic and he will be gone for about three months.

CONVICT'S SUIT DISMISSED.

It Was to Test Right of Prison Officials to Work Him More Than Eight Hours a Day.

WHITE PLAINS, June 3.—Justice Mills of the Supreme Court handed down to-day a decision dismissing the action brought by John N. Rohrs, a convict in Sing Sing Prison, who sued C. V. Collins, State Superintendent of Prisons, ex-Warden Addison Johnson and other officials for \$10,000 for working him more than eight hours a day, which, he contended, was in violation of the State law.

This suit has attracted wide attention among the prison officials of the State as its success would have involved an entire change of discipline at all penal institutions. It is said that Rohrs was backed indirectly by the labor unions, who hoped to restrict convict labor.

The first trial was held before Justice Keogh and resulted in a disagreement of the jury. Benjamin Fagan of Ossining and Lee F. Davis of Cortland were admitted as counsel for the defendant. When the action was called for trial this morning neither the plaintiff nor his attorneys appeared, although they had received a preference and had been placed at the head of the calendar.

THEOBALD DISMISSED.

He Was Confidential Agent of the Treasury Department in Europe.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—William H. Theobald, confidential agent of the Treasury Department in Europe, has been dismissed by Secretary Cortelyou. No explanation of this action is given at the Treasury Department beyond that it was based on irregularities in Mr. Theobald's work.

Mr. Theobald was dismissed from the same office by Leslie M. Shaw, then Secretary of the Treasury, but was reinstated by Secretary Cortelyou. During the period he was out of the service he came into considerable prominence through giving information that Mrs. Phyllis Dodge had brought a diamond necklace into the United States without payment of duty. He was entitled to and claimed half of the reward for informing the Department.

BURGLAR AT JUSTICE MOODY'S.

Supposedly a Burglar, Because He Was Trying to Enter Early in the Mornings.

RAID JOHN KELLY'S OLD PLACE

TENDERLOIN TROUBS IN TUNN WITH SMASHING AXES.

Prisoners Wrenched From Foker, Roulette and Faro in West 41st Street After Collapse of Iron Door—Swarms of Police Keep Crowd in Leash.

Honest John Kelly's old gambling house at 141 West Forty-first street, which with the adjoining house at 139 is now said in the Tenderloin to be kept by Lou Betts, was raided at about 9:30 o'clock last night by Deputy Police Commissioners Bugher and Woods, Inspector Steinbruck, in charge of that district, acting Captain Murphy of the Tenderloin and a force of lieutenants, sergeants and policemen from Police Headquarters and Inspector Steinbruck's staff.

The excitement that followed the use of an axe on the iron door of 141 stirred up the neighborhood so that the reserves of the West Forty-seventh, West Sixty-eighth and East Thirty-fifth street stations were called out to make Broadway passable for several blocks each way.

The police entered 139 in an orderly manner with the aid of warrants issued to Inspector Steinbruck by Magistrate Crane in the Jefferson Market court in the afternoon. They found that this building was the poker branch of the main speculative headquarters, and when they tried to get through a rear one story passage connecting 139 and 141 they ran against a strong iron door. For that reason the police say that on the second floor of 141 they found a roulette wheel, several faro layouts and all the paraphernalia of a well conducted gambling house running full blast.

At 1 o'clock thirty-three prisoners had been taken to the Tenderloin station, most of them from the building at 139. The prisoners gave every sort of occupation, from dishwasher to broker, and lived in all parts of the city, from Hell's Kitchen to Harlem.

The warrants issued to Inspector Steinbruck for 139 called for "John Doe and inmates." Inspector Steinbruck had with him Lieutenants Routh and Rathgeber and Sergeants Book and Creede of his staff, with the deputy commissioners and twenty policemen. The raiders lined up in the front and rear of the two houses. Then the inspector, Lieut. Routh and Sergt. Book walked up the steps of 139 and rang the bell. When the door was opened they showed the warrants. They were admitted, and say they found the entire three floors of the building taken up with poker tables, nearly all of which were in use.

There were about fifty persons inside the building. The inspector's men had noted that there was a grand rush for the basement when they started their business, and when they found the door leading to the adjoining house they suspected what it was used for. Lieut. Routh and Sergt. Book were detailed to force an entrance into 141, so they went through the rear of 139, and going up a fire escape tackled the scuttles of Honest John's old place. While they were trying to get the scuttles open Commissioner Bugher ordered the attack on the iron door in the basement of the high stoop house. A dozen axes and about as many sledge hammers had been brought from the Police Headquarters.

The banging went on for twenty minutes before the iron door gave way. In the meantime the Tenderloin, which hasn't seen a good raid for months, rose to the occasion and the crowd wedged in so closely around the two houses that the police found their movements hampered. Then it was that Commissioner Bugher called on the neighboring precincts for help.

The scuttles gave way long before the door did, but Routh and Book got no further down than the top floor when they encountered another iron door. They didn't have much battering apparatus and it took them half an hour to force this door. With the result that they reached the roulette and faro room on the second floor the same time that the front door raiders got there. The police all drew their revolvers and advised the persons in the room to keep quiet until they were told they could go.

The warrant for 141 called for only "John Doe," so the police took two men pointed out to them as concerned in the management of the place. One man said he was Joseph Brown, a clerk, of 256 West Thirty-ninth street, and another called himself Morris Winlow, a salesman, of 53 Lenox avenue. They were taken to the Tenderloin station and charged with keeping and maintaining a gambling house. The police said they didn't see anything of Lou Betts.

The police learned that the house at 139 has a charter as the Tornado Club. There of the thirty-three prisoners arrested there were charged with keeping and maintaining a gambling house and the others were listed as common gamblers. The three gave their names as Abe Levy of 145 West 177th street; Frank Meehan, 204 West Eighty-fourth street, and Fred Beer, 513 11th avenue. As soon as the prisoners' names were taken at the station house they were sent to the night court.

Inspector Steinbruck said that the evidence on which the warrants were issued was obtained by police officers. It was said in the Tenderloin that a newspaper man had something to do with getting the evidence.

Lou Betts hasn't been bothered much lately, the last raid of any consequence on his place being in 1907 when Commissioner Greene hired some Western detectives to get the gambler right when he was running in West Thirty-fourth street. They were in the house for about ten days, and when the raid was made Lou got away. He was arrested later and offered to plead guilty if he could get off with a fine. District Attorney Jerome wouldn't permit it and the jury found Betts not guilty when they found they could not return a verdict of guilty but not proven.

Attack on a Young Woman of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 3.—Miss Amanda Wettenel, daughter of Harry G. Wettenel, a retired coal operator, was shot last evening while she was seated on the lawn in front of the home of her brother-in-law, J. T. Gornley, in Chartiers township. A shot was fired by some person concealed in a clump of bushes near the Gornley home, the bullet entering Miss Wettenel's left leg above the knee. The young woman's condition is not serious. There is no apparent reason for the attack.

Reason for a Strike.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 3.—Because their view of the street below was cut off by window shades rolling upward from the bottom the girls employed in the exchange of the United Telephone Company at Berwick went on strike to-day.

MISS BOURNE RACES A TRAIN.

Beats It to a Crossing in Her Auto, but Loses at End of Five Mile Stretch.

STATEN ISLAND, June 3.—Miss Marjorie Bourne, the daughter of Frederick G. Bourne, commodore of the New York Yacht Club, raced the 6 o'clock express train this evening in her automobile for five miles from Lillip to Oakdale. Owing to a sharp turn in the road at the end of the course Miss Bourne lost out by a train length. At the Bayard Cutting crossing, a dangerous bit between Great River and Oakdale, Miss Bourne had to cross the railroad track directly in front of the train. She cleared it by only a few yards.

The Commodore has three sons and four daughters whose favorite pastime is racing railroad trains hereabouts. As the roads are made of tight packed shells and are kept in splendid condition the autobs can keep up a speed of from fifty to sixty miles an hour without much danger.

GREAT NORTHERN GOING NORTH.

James J. Hill Announces Big Plans to Saskatchewan Boards of Trade.

WINNIPEG, June 3.—James J. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern Railway, has announced to the Associated Boards of Trade of Saskatchewan that as soon as the gaps in British Columbia are closed and a line is built to Calgary it is the intention to extend the Great Northern system through northern Saskatchewan and Alberta.

SAYS MABEL HITE HIT HIM.

Taxicab Driver Gets a Warrant for the Arrest of the Actress.

William E. Tucker, a taxicab driver, appeared in the West Side court yesterday to swear out a summons for assault against Mabel Hite, the actress, now in "The Merry-Go-Round" at the Circle Theatre. It seems that Tucker took Miss Hite to a party in his taxicab the night before and they had a wrangle over the fare. Miss Hite went to telephone the manager of the company about the driver and Tucker followed her and called her a name. Miss Hite isn't very big, but she hit him just the same. The summons is returnable to-day. Miss Hite in private life is the wife of Mike Donlin, the baseball player.

CUBAN WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Zayista Feminists Call on Gov. Magoon—Says They Mean Business.

HAVANA, June 3.—The first suggestion of women in politics in Cuba is the organization of the Vanguardia Liberal Feminista at Santiago de las Vegas. It is a Zayista organization.

A delegation headed by Señora Zahonet visited Gov. Magoon this afternoon. Señora Zahonet says the organization will be extended throughout the island.

WIDE OPEN FOR TAFT.

When He Called on Metcalf Both Sides of a Double Door Were Opened.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Secretary Taft went over to the East wing of the big State, War and Navy Building to-day to call on Secretary Metcalf. The door to Secretary Metcalf's private office is very narrow. It is a double door, but only one side of it is opened. Mr. Metcalf usually has visitors who have no difficulty in getting through the one side of the door. When Secretary Taft telephoned over to Mr. Metcalf's office to-day that he was coming the other side of the door was unbolted and the full doorway put in commission.

DUCHESS NOT A SOCIALIST.

Far From It, Says Mr. Zimmerman of Cincinnati, Her Father.

CINCINNATI, June 3.—Eugene Zimmerman returned to this city to-day after a visit of several weeks to his daughter, the Duchess of Manchester, in Ireland. Mr. Zimmerman was wroth over a report that the Duchess had taken to socialism.

"There is not an iota of truth to it," declared Mr. Zimmerman. "My daughter's interests are not in that direction. She performs her household duties and is an enthusiastic lover of outdoor sports. There is no time left for dabbling in socialism."

PAINTS IN A SCHOOL OF HUNGER

UNLOOKED FOR PROOF OF THE EAST SIDE DISTITUION.

Woman Summoned to Account for Child's Truancy, From Sheer Hunger Slips Unconscious to the Floor—Permanent Relief Organization to Aid Children.

On the ground floor of the towering Public School 65 in Eldridge street, just above Canal, in the heart of the East Side, half a dozen or more reporters from the various New York newspapers were gathered in the office of Miss Julia Richman, superintendent of school districts 2 and 3, yesterday afternoon, surrounded by casts of the winged Victory and Barry's walking lion, and with the window sills festooned with growing vines.

The reporters were waiting upon Miss Richman to hear from her what measures had been taken to provide food for the East Side school children that have been fainting from exhaustion in the school-rooms because of a lack of proper nourishment.

But matter of fact statistics like the appointment of committees of the new Children's Relief Society that was getting under way in an inside room of the school building as a result of the stories that some of the school children were going to their classes without their breakfasts were forgotten when into the office went little Jennie Goldberg and her mother, Mrs. Joseph Goldberg, and Willie, the six-month-old baby. Jennie was carrying the baby in her arms.

The mother dropped into a chair in a corner of the office, with Jennie and the baby beside her. Jennie hasn't been to school since May 22 and that's why she had to go to Miss Richman's office. George Williams, the trustee officer of the school, had gone over to the Goldberg home in Ludlow street to find the reason for Jennie's absence and had gone back with the report "poverty." Yesterday the trustee officer took Jennie, her mother and the baby to Miss Richman's office.

Little Jennie, who is an olive faced, blacked eyed child of 14, was huddled in her mother's arms and wore a knitted red jacket over a ragged dress. On her feet were the remnants of a pair of low buttoned shoes with the broken edges of the uppers spreading beyond the soles. Nobody paid much attention to the group because the mother merely sat in her corner apathetically and Jennie made no movement except that now and then she patted the whining six-months old Willie to quiet him.

Suddenly there came a tired sigh and Jennie's mother slid from her chair to the floor, where she lay white faced and unconscious from starvation. Jennie jumped to her feet with a shriek of alarm and the baby in her arms set up a cry because of the sudden movement.

From the inner room where the local boards of districts 2 and 3 were organizing the relief society the members came spilling out the door as they heard the exclamations and the rapping of chairs as the reporters jumped up to help the fainting mother. Some ran for brandy and two others hurried away to Canal street to get milk, the first thing they thought of as it flashed upon them that there was a particularly urgent case of the East Side starvation that they were writing about.

While others in the office fanned the fainting mother and gave her brandy to drink somebody telephoned to Gouverneur Hospital for an ambulance and others took little Jennie and the baby across to the corridor and patted her shoulder and told her not to cry because her mother would get something to eat soon and would be all right.

"The ain't had nothing since yesterday," Jennie sobbed, and she tried to get near her mother.

"And you?" somebody asked.

"Well, I had some tea and a piece of bread last night; but I ain't had anything to eat today."

Instantly Jennie had more dollar bills thrust upon her than she ever had seen at one time in her life. She hugged the bills and the baby close to her.

"Where did you get the tea and bread that you had last night, Jennie?" "A woman lives back of us, and she's a kind woman and her name is Mrs. Schomberg, and she brought us in the tea and some bread. My papa is a tailor and he ain't got any work for the past of a year or a little while since the panic came. He was well before the panic came, but now he's sick from aggravation."

"From what?" "From aggravation trying to get work." "Is your father ill in bed now?" "No, he went out this morning looking for a job. He goes out every day and he's out now looking for a job, but he can't get any. But my mamma had a penny this morning and she got some milk for the baby with it. We know a shop on Essex street where we can get a bottle of milk for a penny."

Somebody took Jennie's vast fortune of \$1 bills and folded them and sealed them in an envelope for her. Her mother had regained consciousness in the office by this time and was drinking the brandy that was being held to her lips. Some of it she drank and the rest she gave to the baby when Jennie carried the crying infant back to her side. She took no interest in the bills that Jennie tried to put in her hands all carefully sealed in the envelope, but lay back in her chair with her eyes closed and her head resting against the wall.

Miss Richman, who had hurried out from the committee meeting when Mrs. Goldberg first fainted, drew Jennie aside and gave her an order on an East Side shoe store for a pair of shoes, and as she looked over Jennie's tattered little frock she told her to come to the office to-day and she would have a dress for her. Somebody thrusting for facts asked Miss Richman who was supplying the shoes and the frock, but she did not answer. She is going to pay for them herself.

Miss Richman led her committee back to the inner office when she saw that Mrs. Goldberg again was resting in apparent comfort and the reporters took Jennie and the baby aside to try to quiet them, while the trustee officer kept looking at the schoolhouse door for the ambulance. The office had quieted again when there